I cannot weepe, nor answere haue I none,
But what should goe by water: prethee to night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember,
And call thy husband hither.
Em. Here is a change indeed. *Exit.*
Des. Tis meet I should be vsde so, very meet,
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
The small'st opinion on my least misuse. *Enter* Iago
Iag. What is your pleasure Madam? *and* Emilia.
How i'st with you?
Des. I can not tell: those that doe teach young babes,
Doe it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes;
He might ha chid me so, for in good faith,
I am a childe to chiding.
Iag. What is the matter Lady?
Em. Alas *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such despite, and heauy termes vpon her,
As true hearts can not beare.
Des. Am I that name *Iago*?
Iag What name faire Lady?
Des. Such as she sayes my Lord did say I was.
Em. He call'd her whore; a begger in his drinke,
Could not haue layed such tearmes vpon his Callet.
Iag. Why did he so?
Des. I doe not know, I am sure I am none such.
Iag. Doe not weepe, doe not weepe: alas the day.
Em. Has she forsooke so many noble matches,
Her Father, and her Countrey, and her Friends,
To be cald whore? would it not make one weepe?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iag. Beshrew him for it: how comes this tricke vpon him?
Des. Nay, heauen doth know.
Em. I will be hangd, if some eternall villaine,
Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cousening slaue, to get some office,
Haue not deuisde this slander, Ile be hang'd else.
Iag. Fie, there is no such man it is impossible.
Des. If any such there are heauen pardon him.

Em.

Em. A halter pardon him, and h
Why should he call her whore? who
What place, what time, what forme
The Moore's abus'd by some most v
Some base notorious knaue, some sc
O heauen, that such companions tho
And put in euery honest hand a wh
To lash the rascall, naked through th
Euen from the east to'th west.
Iag. Speake within dores.
Em. O fie vpon him; some such
That turnd your wit, the seamy side
And made you to suspect me with th
Iag. You are a foole, goe to.
Des. O good *Iago*,
What shall I doe to win my Lord ag
Good friend goe to him, for by this
I know not how I lost him.
Here I kneele:
If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst hi
Either in discourse, or thought, or ac
Or that mine eyes, mine eares, or an
Delighted them in any other forme
Or that I doe not yet, and euer did,
And euer will (though he doe shake
To beggerly diuorcement,) loue hi
Comfort forsweare me; vnkindnesse
And his vnkindnesse may defeat my
But neuer taint my loue, I can not
It doth abhorre me, now I speake th
To doe the act, that might th'additi
Not the worlds masse of vanity cou
Iag. I pray you be content, tis b
The businesse of the State does him
And he does chide with you.
Des. If t'were no other.
Iag. Tis but so, I warrant you:
Harke how these Instruments summ

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